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God

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GOD

It's easy to get judgmental and just say better buddies would look out for a friend but when God has been hitting it hard in the poolroom since happy hour you don't want to be the one trying to cut him off so if you think of a strategy for that I'll be happy to listen. Still there are fail-safes in the system. First off closing time is closing time so fuck the hell off and second is the only other absolute in the universe—The moment it crosses your mind that the bartender might go home with you that's when you've had enough. So God oozes up to the bar with that look on his face like "Hey I'm just here to settle up" which isn't fooling anybody since he hasn't paid for a drink in this place in like three generations. And nobody heard what she said but Karen never even stops drying glasses while she shuts down Yahweh like he was the UPS man. To this day she never talks about it but legend is she did it with just two words. "Go home and sleep it off big guy." There are no exceptions to the rules. Big guy. You don't recover from shit like that.